



*The
Student's
Pen*

Pittsfield High School

MARCH
1922

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The
Student's
Pen

Pittsfield High School

MARCH
1922

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The STUDENT'S PEN

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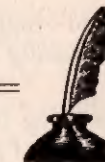
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Please mention the "Pen" when you call on
those who advertise with us.

EDITORIALS

Wasting Our Wealth

It is lamentable that a school with seven hundred and fifty students should hold such assemblies as Pittsfield High does. No, I am not a knocker. I am a booster for P. H. S.; and it is because I wish to boost this school that I am writing this random sketch.

I do not blame the school authorities,—it is not for me to criticise the doings of my superiors; I merely offer, through the Students' Pen, a suggestion, with the hope that the next assembly may see it acted upon.

We are literally herded into these monthly gatherings, our voices muffled, and our ears forced to absorb a lecture that beats the Sahara in dryness. Perhaps we sing our national anthem, or perhaps the school orchestra plays one short piece. Then back we go to our studies again.

We cry, we plead, for just a little good music. *And our Victrola stands unused in a corner of the office.*

We would like to hear some good singing once in a while. *Yet our Glee Club, a high school institution, stays stolidly hidden within the Friday morning singing classes!*

A good, lively debate is just the thing for an assembly. *But our Debating Club, whose avowed purpose is the betterment of public speaking, confines its "public" speaking to a group of boys!*

Every form of art has some disciple in this school. We have pianists, violinists, singers, dancers, orators, magicians,—*but they remain secluded, unsought, untried.*

English classes might enact little 30-minute playlets. *How many have we seen?*

And there it is, in plain English. All those untapped sources of entertainment right here in our own school. Yet we ignore them.

The next assembly will show—what? The fulfilment of our plans, the realization of our hopes?

We have received a letter from a student who asks us to publish it in the Pen, the champion of the Student's cause. We pity this "Sorrowing Sophomore," yet we are not moved to publish certain violent parts of his epistle, in which he wields his pen in vigorous denunciation of Eskimo Pie, and in eulogy of the five-cent ice cream cone.

"Why do they do it?" he wails. "They used to sell five cents worth of 'Creamy Mist' in a cone. Now they put two cents worth of it in a chocolate bar and soak us ten cents." (Did you notice he said *soak*?) "Money is none

too plentiful today," he remarks, truthfully, "and, if the five-cent cone is taken away, we either have to pay ten cents for an Eskimo Pie or buy candy, which isn't half as healthy as ice cream.

"Give us again our five-cent cone!"

Freshman Number!!!

The April number of the Pen will be devoted and dedicated to the younger pupils of our school. To the freshman who sends in the best composition, essay or story, the Pen will award a season ticket to all the home games of the Pittsfield High baseball team. The class entering the school in February numbered about one hundred and thirty bright and healthy boys and girls. The Pen staff anticipates with much pleasure the receipt of any contributions from our youngest and biggest class. **FRESHMEN!! SHOW THE SOPHOMORES HOW IT'S DONE! ALL OUT FOR THE FRESHMAN NUMBER!**

Sunset Sonnet

Now the Sun God of the people
Settles down behind the mountain
Giving rainbows to the fountain,
Golden glints to tips of steeple.
And in contrast to day's glitter
Silver mists o'er spread the valley.
Now the little fairies rally,
When they hear the birds soft twitter.
Shades of night descend and linger
Over every vale and hillside,
Sunset hues of countless number
Taper like a lady's finger,
And the shadows by the rillside
Welcome twilight's gentle slumber.

Rachel Barnes, '22.

Every member of the school regrets very much the departure of Mr. Frank Leonard of the faculty. Mr. Leonard has been one of the best teachers in the High School, winning the admiration and respect of all the pupils who were in his classes. Because he knew and liked his subject he aroused in his pupils an interest in their work which carried them successfully thru a year of hard, sometimes tedious, work in chemistry. Those pupils who did not have Mr. Leonard's sympathy and help in their work cannot truly appreciate the loss occasioned by his departure. Although Mr. Leonard has a worthy successor in Mr. Russell we were all very sorry to see Mr. Leonard leave.

E. Huthsteiner.

Mr. Sylvester of the faculty, left Pittsfield High School shortly after the February term opened. Mr. Sylvester taught here for many years and was regarded highly both by the faculty and by the pupils, because of his preciseness and accuracy in teaching. He was very careful and conscientious. Perhaps at times he seemed to be very strict, but it was for the good of the pupils. He has thus helped many to become more efficient in the business world. His genial temper endeared him to all. We sincerely regret his departure.

Erminie Huntress.

The Witch

Folks say there are no witches
Abroad our spacious earth.
I think that they're mistaken,
For Nature gave one birth.

She is a dark-skinned maiden
With dusky, flowing hair,
And eyes as soft as snow-flakes,
Gray garments does she wear.

She comes when bright Apollo
Has sunk behind the peak;
She tarries till Diana
Has risen, full and meek.

She brews a restful potion
Of calm, sweet peace, and bright,
With which she charms us, mortals,
Who think her mere twilight.

Anna M. Cain, '22.

Never Satisfied

Getting out this paper is no Picnic.
If we print jokes, folks say we are silly.
If we don't, they say we are too serious.
If we publish original matter, they say we lack variety.
If we publish things from other papers, they say we are lazy.
If we stay on the job, we ought to be out hustling for contributions.
If we do hustle for news, we are not tending to business.
If we don't publish all the contributions, we don't show proper appreciation.
If we do print them, the paper is filled with junk.
What is a fellow to do anyway?
Like as not somebody will say we swiped this from an exchange!
We did.



The Substitute

I

Mars was certainly hovering near when Barry Kane was born, and he doubtless left a good share of his fighting spirit at Barry's cradle. This spirit began to display itself at the early age of seven, when Barry would darken and discolor dozens of optical organs to arbitrate a quarrel which had begun in a game of marbles; and it never left him.

He went to college when he was eighteen. There he found ample opportunity for such exercise as his hectic emotions demanded, since it was the custom to settle differences with boxing gloves. Those who had come into juxtaposition with Barry's right compared the sensation to that which follows an attempt to stop the Limited or a fire truck. The infirmity attendants wondered at the general dislocation of jaw-bones, which were scattered anywhere within a six-inch radius over a multicolored face.

When the war broke out, Barry went to France, and established quite a reputation for himself as an amateur boxer. Indeed, he was within an arm's length of the lightweight championship of the A. E. F., when the star of another division challenged him, and in a fair fight defeated him. The newcomer's name was Hamilton Halsey. Barry admitted his inferiority cheerfully, and admired this stranger who had the ability to take and inflict such punishment. Thus there sprang up a friendship which grew ever stronger in the months that followed.

Back in New York, they parted, Barry, to go to his home in Virginia, so he thought; and Hamilton, to see his dying father on Riverside Drive.

But Barry chanced to meet Gene McVail in a Chinese restaurant. In the annals of clean sport, McVail was blacklisted. In the record books of the ring, he held a dubious place.

"Glad to see you, Barry, old boy!" McVail exclaimed. "The almost lightweight champeen of the A. E. F.! Say, kid, who was that fellow that stopped you?"

"He was Hamilton Halsey," Barry answered. "Did you ever hear of his father?"

"Not old Halsey, the capitalist?" McVail asked.

"That's him," said Barry, "so you see, Hal doesn't have to earn his living by fighting. But can't he handle the gloves, though?"

McVail nodded, and flicked the ashes from his cigar.

"Look here," he said pointedly, "Do you want a job?"

Barry laughed.

"I've got one waiting for me back home," he said.

"Oh, I mean a *real job*," said McVail, "One where you get real money."

Barry sensed his meaning, but he said nothing.

"You can have one," McVail continued, "you've got the makin's of a great boxer. And with me as manager—"

Barry hesitated, and McVail seized upon the opportunity to paint a glowing picture of the future.

"You'll never stop," he concluded, "until you're lightweight champeen of the world!"

Barry's fighting blood was stirred; and he permitted McVail to draw up a contract, which he signed unhesitatingly.

Gene McVail was not a favorite with the sporting editors. He had been caught in more than one crooked deal, and was openly denounced and pictured as the grave-digger of the manly art. Barry's fights were ridiculed and cruelly attacked by the papers, not because they were Barry's fights, but because Gene McVail was behind them; and once in a while little inklings crept out which reeked with the same foul odor that characterized all of that disreputable gentleman's dealings.

Things came to a climax when McVail essayed to explain to Barry one night the means of securing a quick knockout.

"But that's dead wrong," Barry declared, "it's crooked!"

"Now listen," said McVail. "The referee is agreeable.—Most of 'em are when I'm around. I've got a funny little way—"

Barry stood up and said to McVail:

"If you mean that I could pull such a trick—if you think that I would attempt such a trick—"

"Sit down," ordered McVail. "You're under contract. Do as I say, or get out, and forfeit a thousand for breach of contract!"

Barry's anger was almost uncontrollable. He caught the manager by the wrist, snatched the contract from his pocket, and, throwing him into a chair, he left the room.

II

When they read the will of J. Everett Halsey, New York turned its restless eyes for a few days on Hamilton. He was a society idol, and it was generally supposed that he would inherit the Halsey millions. But his father had deemed it better that he should accumulate his own fortune, and had left him two hundred dollars to start with. Thoroughly discouraged, Hamilton stepped into the streets of New York one January morning just in time to meet Barry Kane.

Both were jobless; one was penniless. There was a common impulse to work. But where? Hal hit upon an idea. Barry was a professional boxer, with a great future. Between them they had two hundred dollars. Two hundred dollars would work miracles.

So they started, this boxer and his manager. Barry's youth, his good nature, and the fairness that characterized all his fights endeared him to the

followers of Fistianana. Hal was his wise manager and, since money was none too plentiful, he also filled the important role of trainer and sparring partner. Indeed, within a year and a half, Barry was well on the road toward the lightweight championship.

There was a girl—so delicate and beautiful that it is hard to imagine her in the midst of this yarn about fighting. Her name was Marion, and she had come way from Virginia to see her fiance, Barry. Her presence was an inspiration, and Barry rose higher and higher in the boxing world.

There came a fight that Hal and Barry and Marion dreaded, a battle against a boxer of questionable character managed by Gene McVail. At first Hal had refused; but when the newspapers began to talk and to laud this newcomer, he saw that the fray was inevitable. So Barry began his training. The day drew nearer and nearer, and Barry became more and more proficient. But if Barry was becoming a better boxer, so was Hal, for he followed Barry's training religiously.

The night before the fight, when the three were having a light lunch in a restaurant, Gene McVail chanced to enter. He glanced at their table and exclaimed:

"Barry Kane! Eatin' in a hash house on the night before 'der tag'. Well, go ahead; but remember the ten thousand that goes to the winner,—which ain't likely to be you!"

"If you had noticed," said Hal, "we were eating lettuce sandwiches and milk, and we're not worrying about that ten thousand."

When they left the restaurant, Hal went to the Post Office to mail some letters, and Barry accompanied Marion to her home. They were passing thru a darkened lane, when a voice said "Hello, cutie!" and someone bumped rudely into the girl.

Barry saw a scurrying form, and attempted to intercept it. A masked figure stepped from behind a tree, raised its arm, and struck him senseless to the ground.

Marion screamed, bringing a policeman to the scene. They took Barry home, and called a doctor to patch up an ugly wound in his head.

It was dawn before he regained consciousness. Then he turned to Hal and said: "That was Gene McVail's work, all right. It was just a bluff to get me into a scrap, so they could hit me with that jimmy. My head aches terribly, and if I don't win tonight, I only get two hundred. Or if I fail to appear, I forfeit two thousand."

"Don't worry about that," said Hal, "I'll postpone it."

"You can't," said Barry, "McVail fixed it. Don't you see? His trademark is stamped all over this—dirty work. Get me the contract.—Ah, here it is: 'For failure to appear I will forfeit two thousand dollars.'"

"Oh, what terms!" groaned Hal.

"Never mind," said Barry, "I'll probably be all right in an hour or so."

However, Barry's optimism, coupled with Marion's gentle care, could not heal the gash in his head; and by mid-afternoon the pain was unbearable, and he was becoming delirious.

About five o'clock the telephone rang. It was Gene McVail.

"Just thought I'd ask," he drawled, "if everything was all right."

"It is," said Hal, curtly.

At seven o'clock, Barry awoke from a restless sleep. He turned to Hal and groaned: "Get that two thousand ready for McVail; I'm dying."

Hal was thinking fast, but Marion was thinking faster.

"Hal," she said, "To lose that two thousand would ruin us. To win the ten thousand would make us fairly rich. Then we could forget New York and the ring. Barry is dead sick, a baby could push him over. But you, Hal, you're in perfect form, and as good a boxer as he is. He said so himself."

"You mean," said Hal, "that I could take Barry's place? McVail would never allow it."

"He would," said the girl, decisively, "he's after the money. Get him on the telephone."

Wondering, Hal obeyed. He could not fathom the girl's plan.

When the crackling voice of McVail came over the wire, Marion said sharply: "McVail, Barry Kane is sick in bed. He was hurt in a brawl last night."

"Oh, was he?" chuckled McVail. "Well, I'll be right over after the two thousand. Good-bye, cutie."

The last work was like a shock to the girl. It was the same voice that had come from the darkness of the lane the night before. Then it *was* McVail's work!

"Wait a minute," she ordered. "We've got another boxer to—"

"Aw, come off," snarled McVail. "No amachures! Barry Kane or none. I've got the contract right here. You've got to forfeit—"

"Keep still!" Marion ordered. "We've got a boxer, a good one. Meets every requirement. Same weight as Barry. And if he doesn't win the fight, we'll forfeit *fifteen thousand dollars*."

"Did you say dollars?" sneered McVail.

"Dollars," Marion repeated.

"Well?" said McVail.

"The fifteen thousand is in the vault at the City National," said Marion. It was a lie, but a necessary one, she thought.

"I'm on," said McVail, sure of the fifteen thousand dollars.

"And you're willing," the girl continued, "if the boxer meets all requirements?"

"I'll take anybody in America!" asserted McVail.

So it was agreed; and Hal, exhorted to do his utmost in ruining McVail, hurried to the scene of the fight. He carefully avoided the promoter, and the first time that McVail saw him was when he stepped into the ring. Then he almost fell over with the shock.

"Holy cats!" he yelled, "it's you!"

A carefully embellished announcement left the crowd nervous with expectancy. Who, they asked each other, was this boxer who staked so much on himself?

The fight began, and the crowd howled with delight. Swiftly and surely, with staggering force, Hal's blows rained down upon his opponent. McVail was furious.

At the end of the first round, he rushed into his fighter's corner and in low tones spoke hurriedly to him. Hal noticed the pugilist's features. He seemed to be remonstrating against something. McVail urged, he pleaded, he threatened. Then the gong rang.

Quickly Hal darted from his corner. Again the steady sledge-hammer blows. Then—a clever feint, a terrible swing of his right, and Hal had won the battle, while the crowd gaped, completely bewildered.

When the referee had counted ten, and the crowd was surging toward the doors, McVail jumped into the ring. The fallen boxer staggered to his feet and looked angrily at him. Then he turned to Hal and said:

"He—he—wanted—me—to—"

"Shut up, you—!" roared McVail. "Groggy," he explained lightly.

"It—was—a dirty trick," the boxer groaned again, "and—I—swear he—wanted me—to do it."

Hal grasped McVail by the shoulder.

"Did you?" he demanded.

"Why, of course not," said McVail. "But, anyhow, all is fair in love and war. When you go home tell that little doll—"

He got no farther. Again the terrible swing of his right, but this time Hal directed it toward Gene McVail's jaw.

Thus ends my story; though I might add that Barry recovered quickly, was married to Marion a week later, and took her back to Virginia. And Hal, having shown New York what he could do, as his father had always wished, went west.

E. J. H. '23.

The Legend of Witawentin

"Wo-he-lo," called a camp director.

"Wohelo" answered a group of—were they Indians? Oh no! Just a few girls camping about a mile from Hinsdale.

Slowly but steadily the girls in khaki appeared down the picturesque stone steps which were surrounded by a foliage of trees and bushes. Each took her place around the fireplace. There they sang songs of cheer and friendship until the command was given to be seated. They then gave the cheer for their own dear camp.

"W-i-t-a-w-e-n-t-i-n Boom ah!

Wentin camp so dear,

We sing to you,

Here in our Berkshire Hills,

We love you, yes, we do, Witawentin

Long may we cherish you

Love and adore,

Sing praise and honor, for evermore!"

By that time the moon had crept over the crest of the mountains and was sending its rays across the rippling lake. It made a beautiful picture. A little brown cottage stood in the center of a large field on a hill. When we see the stars above, and the moon sending its brilliant rays across the water, and then see these girls grouped around the blazing fire, we have to admit that it is a wonderful night for a council fire.

The guardian Neachee is now awarding special honors. Twasi—Pursue Knowledge. Minewakum—Give Service. Winutha—Be Happy. Checheska—Be Trustworthy. Wacheewe—Glorify Work. Waneta—Seek Beauty and Bonsongee—Hold on to Health.

After the council fire ceremony the girls asked for a legend.

"Well," said the director, "I will tell you about the legend of Witawentin."

"Once upon a time long, long ago, lived a beautiful Indian maiden who dwelt with her father, the chief of a tribe, among the hills. But she was not happy. On the contrary she was very sad. It pained her to see the girls of the village doing men's work. Of course, her father had taught her many things, and she could do these as well as the boys. But why should the boys know about the trees, birds and flowers, and the girls know nothing of Nature.

Finally one day when she could stand it no longer, she called the girls of the village together. She then told them her plan. They liked it so well that they immediately formed a band of their own. They began by helping their mothers and those that were in need. From the skins of animals they made and embroidered beautiful moccasins, and decorated their gowns with symbolic designs. They went on hikes and learned about the trees, birds and flowers. They had contests with the boys and were sometimes the victors. When they accomplished such a feat as this they were very happy, for as you know the Indian lads were skilled.

But one day disaster fell upon the peaceful village. A group of red men rushed in upon their kinsmen and destroyed everything. The poor Indian maidens! Their fire had been stamped out and no longer could they carry on their work. The hostile tribe said that squaws were to wait on men, not to waste time.

Right here, girls, was the fire of the Indian girls. Where our cottage now stands was once the wigwam of the chief. The red men did not know however, that one spark remained. That spark led to the Camp Fire Girls of today. We must carry out the teachings of Yahewana, the beautiful Indian maiden. Let us sing taps now and go to bed to dream of our dear Witawentin camp."

So they sang as they had never sung before—

Camp fire girls,
Day has fled—
Night is here;
All is still.
Sweetest dreams linger here—
So, Good-Night.

Mildred Rice.

Tommy Bates—High School Freshman

"In the spring a young man's fancy
Lightly turns to thoughts of love—"

Mrs. Bates sat in her living room one afternoon in April sewing some of Tommy's clothes which he had torn the day before. She smiled as she sewed, thinking how full of life her son was. She quite carelessly glanced at the clock. Ah, 2.15! It was time for her to hear a warhoop, a bang of the front door, a noise of dropping books, and then for the appearance of her son himself. She eagerly waited but no such sound came. Instead she heard a sound of even footsteps coming up the walk. It must be a caller! Giving a hurried glance around to see that everything was in order she hurried to the front door. Imagine her surprise when, instead of seeing the caller, she saw none other than Master Tommy Bates himself walking as dignified as a President of the United States.

"Why, Tommy, what's the matter? Are you sick?" asked his mother.

"Sick, why no! Can't a fellow walk into his house without being sick?"

His mother smiled. Her son was surely growing up.

"Why, no," she answered, "but you usually let the whole neighborhood know when high school is out. These dignified actions just started me."

While Tommy was eating his dinner his mother tried to keep up a conversation but Tommy was "dreaming" and instead of finishing in five minutes, he took at least fifteen minutes.

"Well, what's the program for this afternoon, Tommy? Is it to be baseball practice or marbles."

Tommy almost scoffed at the remark.

"Mother, it is to be neither one," he answered. "The small boys may play by themselves this afternoon. I am going to do my lessons right away."

Mrs. Bates said nothing but looked worried. Tommy usually did his lessons after supper.

"All right, Tommy," she said. "Let's go out on the veranda."

While Tommy was industriously studying and Mrs. Bates sewing, a neighbor, Mrs. Smith, came up on the porch.

"I have just been calling on the latest arrivals," she announced.

"The latest arrivals?" questioned Mrs. Bates. "Do you mean those people who have bought the old Jones' estate and have spent the last two years in having it fixed up?"

"Yes, and such lovely people! They are adorable and they have the sweetest little girl, just about Tommy's age, and in his class at school, I believe."

"Why Tommy, why don't you tell your mother some of the news? But you know Mrs. Smith, Tommy, is afraid to look at a girl and I doubt that he even knew there was a new one in his class."

"Yes, I saw her," snapped out Tommy.

Mrs. Smith went on, painting the new arrivals whose names were Brock in glowing colors.

"My dear, their daughter Betty is a dream! She has the loveliest curls and big blue eyes!" continued Mrs. Smith.

Mrs. Bates glanced over at her son, thinking that all this womanly gossip would annoy him or else he wouldn't hear a word of it. But, strange to say, Master Thomas was "drinking in" every word of Mrs. Smith's and was so interested he never even saw his mother's glance.

Mrs. Smith soon left, probably to tell the next neighbor all about the new arrivals.

Tommy, carefully laid his books aside and started in to talk.

"Mother, why don't you call on the Brocks?" he asked. "Mrs. Smith liked them so well."

"Well, of all things, Tommy! Give me a chance! They just arrived last night, but Mrs. Smith always was a hustler. I'll wait until they get settled before I bother them. Have you got your lessons done, Tommy?"

"Yes, and is there any errand I may do for you, mother?"

Mrs. Bates was astonished. Usually she had to bribe Tommy in order to have any errands done but now—

"Yes, go down to the postoffice and mail these letters," she said, "Supper will be ready when you get back."

Tommy started off with the same dignified walk as when coming home from school, and did the errand.

After supper, Tommy went into the library, picked up a book and started to read. His father came in and sat down to read the evening paper.

"Well, Tommy boy, what's the latest book?"

No answer from Tommy's corner.

"Must be a good book, anyway," said Mr. Bates, for Tommy had been so interested that he had neither heard nor seen his father enter.

At nine o'clock Tommy closed the book and laid it carefully on the table.

"Dad, I wish to have a talk with you," he said.

"Go ahead!" said his father, "What do you want now, a new fishing pole or a baseball bat?"

"Please don't joke, Dad. I don't want either. Seriously, I want to earn a little money. I know you give me an allowance but—er—I want to buy something and I want to earn the money myself."

"Good idea, my son," said Mr. Bates, "you know that I will gladly buy it for you but if you really want to earn some money, it won't hurt you. The widow Skinner wants her lawn raked and Mrs. Cale wants her flower-beds made. Oh, there's plenty for a boy like you to do if you really wish to."

"Thanks awfully, Dad. I'll look them up tomorrow. Good night."

After Tommy's departure Mr. Bates picked up the book he had been reading. A new novel! Could he believe his eyes? Tommy hated novels and laughed at his chum for reading them, and now Tommy himself was reading one!

"Our son is certainly changing, mother," remarked Mr. Bates to his wife.

Two weeks had passed. Meanwhile matters had progressed somewhat in the Bates' household. Tommy still kept up his strange behavior and Mrs. Bates had called on the Brock's. Tommy asked so many questions of his mother about the Brock's that she finally told him all about her call from the time she had entered the house until she left. Mrs. Smith had had Betty to tea and had reported afterwards to Mrs. Bates (in Tommy's presence) that Betty had told her that she thought Tommy one of the nicest boys in school. Tommy became so excited on hearing this that he fell over a chair. His mother thought he was angry about it, but doubtless Mrs. Smith thought something else.

Tommy, true to his word, had earned some money, about three dollars, but had breathed not a word about the way he wished to spend it. His mother and father had guessed everything they could for which Tommy would spend his money, but their guesses were far from correct.

One May evening he expressed his desire to take a walk and had gone alone in the direction of the stores.

Again our friend Mrs. Smith enters the story, this time to solve the mystery! Coming over to the Bates house she asked Mrs. Bates to walk down to the post office with her, and to this, Mrs. Bates agreed. They were strolling along gossiping as only women can, when Mrs. Smith said, "I was up to Brock's this afternoon as it is Betty's birthday. She was so disappointed about not having a party but you see her mother is ill and so she had to give up her plans."

"That is a shame," said Mrs. Bates, "but probably Tommy is just as pleased. The last time he was invited to a party I almost had to get down on my hands and knees and beg him to go. He surely hates girls and parties."

"He'll soon get over that," quoth Mrs. Smith with a laugh. "Why, look over there! Isn't that your son emerging from a florist's shop?"

"Why, why, so it is, Mrs. Smith. The dear boy has been buying me some flowers. Let's go across and meet him."

Together the two women crossed the street. "Why, Tommy, it's perfectly lovely of you to buy me such wonderful flowers," said Mrs. Bates. "You are growing more considerate every day."

You should have seen Master Tommy's face. It turned all colors of the rainbow and he tried to speak, but speech failed him!

Mrs. Smith smiled. She had brought up boys herself and knew them. So, putting two and two together, she guessed that those flowers were not for Mrs. Bates but for Betty Brock. She was Tommy's friend, anyway.

"Now, Mrs. Bates," said she, "how do you know the flowers are meant for you? Is it your birthday—why do you think you should receive any flowers?"

"Why, who else would my son be buying flowers for, I'd like to know? Tommy, aren't those flowers for me?"

Tommy must "speak now or forever after hold his peace."

"Mother," he blurted out, "I—I re-ally did-didn't buy these f-f-for y-you. You see." (long pause)

"Oh, Mrs. Bates, put on your thinking cap," spoke up Mrs. Smith. "It's Betty Brock's birthday and Tommy probably was so sorry that she was disappointed about her party that he bought her some flowers. Isn't that it, Tommy?"

"Yes," gasped Tommy, casting a look full of gratitude at Mrs. Smith, "and Mother, I'll buy you some on your birthday."

"Oh, that will be lovely, Tommy and I'm so glad you're giving them to Betty. I know she'll adore them."

The great mystery was solved at last! Mrs. Bates, relieved at finding out the cause of her son's actions, continued her stroll with Mrs. Smith. Both ladies were looking back at their girlhood, but Tommy, strolling in the opposite direction, was not looking backward—but forward—to the home of pretty Betty Brock.

Dorothy French, '22.

Wohelo

Wohelo—how much lies in the word! Wohelo—works, health and love, the fundamentals of all life. Work, for joy of work; Health, a God-given gift to be carefully guarded, our strength and protection against the blows of life; Love, the greatest of Heaven's gifts, which God in His mercy has sent us, to help us endure all bodily evils. No wonder that with such a watchword the Campfire girls are the best girls in the world. Who could shirk her work, remembering Wohelo? Disregard all laws of good health? Never! Forget to do some act of love or kindness? Down with the traitor who suggests it! Three cheers for Wohelo!

The organization of Campfire Girls, with such women as Miss Peaslee, Miss Henry and Mrs. Childs working for it, is one of the biggest influences for good in the United States. The Campfire reaches out its arms, or perhaps it would be better to say its flames, and brings to itself girls from Maine, Washington, Florida, California, girls from everywhere.

The ideals of the Campfire are high and the girls live up to them. For example: How many girls in this High School have ever prepared Sunday dinner while Mother rests? Of course Mildred Rice has and Irene Canfield and Lois Young. There are many others whom I cannot name now, but of all those who have performed the feat probably 90% are Campfire girls. If one does it twice, one gets a bead, but after doing it several times it becomes a habit. And is Mother glad? I think she is. How many girls can cook meat four different ways, bake four kinds of cake or cookies, prepare four salads, make four kinds of candy? How many keep their rooms immaculately clean, their closets spotless, mend their own stockings or press their own skirts? All this is Campfire work. Does it save Mother work? I think so, don't you?

Turning to subjects outside the home: what girl, or boy for that matter,

You Will Be Prepared Every Other Way -- Why Not Financially?

Today you are preparing yourself for the years that are to come after you leave school, you are getting ready to take your place in the world and make a success.

That you will be well prepared so far as learning is concerned, there is little doubt, but how will you be financially?

To take your place in the world, you will need money and the fact that it may be years yet before you are ready to leave your studies, is all the more reason why you should start NOW to have something when that time comes.

A little every day will mean a great deal after some years and surely you can spare something from the money which you have to use these days.

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can tell about the life and services of five inventors, musicians, artists, poets, missionaries, educators or American heroes? Do *you* know the full name of your mayor, governor, and president?

But there are so many more I might bore you with, if I talked on, so I must stop. I hope I have given you something to think about. When you consider this remember that all the organizations of the city, men's clubs included, always call on the fourteen Campfire groups of the city for help. Remember that the Campfire Girls did the tagging for the New England Home for Little Wanderers and the Salvation Army; that they filled 1,000 stockings at the Elks' Home, helped at the Colonial, Christmas afternoon and at the Majestic, the following morning. Then remember our sports, our hikes, our basketball games, our sales, our suppers, our summer camp and confess that there is nothing better for American girls than the Campfire.

Elladora Huthsteiner, '22.

The Larrin Party

One of the most important events of the year was about to take place. Important in the eyes of the young folks but very foolish according to the older people. Mary and Helen Larrin were giving an exceptional party which was to crown the winter's activities.

Every one in the Larrin family was in high excitement with the exception of the youngest member who was decidedly low in spirits. This was little John who was not going to be present at the party. His sisters, knowing of old that he would ruin anything that they planned, had decided to send him to their aunt's, who lived in a nearby town.

It was for this reason that John Larrin, usually so restive, sat dejectedly in a Morris chair. His brows were tightly knit together as if in deep thought. He was picturing the way the long table would look on the next night. He could see the different cakes with that especially large cream cake in the center. Then there were the cookies, candies, fruits, sandwiches and salads. At each plate he could see the heaping dishes of ice-cream. When this picture appeared before his eyes his face lighted up with a huge grin which passed quickly away. In its place came such an angry look that the cat who had jumped up into his lap quickly leaped down. Why was it that he had to go away at just such a time? How could he wreak vengeance on his sisters?

Dire schemes now took possession of his little brain. He was so absorbed with his thoughts that he did not notice his two sisters. They had just entered and were discussing some of their friends. At last John was recalled from the "Land of Meditation," by the ringing of the door bell. Two girls were announced and then started the usual tongue wagging that is common when several girls meet together. Each one had her opinions concerning the gentlemen to be invited.

John listened attentively and at last an idea came from out of the skies, or from some far off planet. Now he could have his revenge against those cruel sisters who did not want him around at such a festive time.

The next morning came. It gave promise of good weather for the coming party. John got up early, ate his breakfast, and started for school with unusual alacrity. His mother and sisters were greatly surprised because it was generally a great task to get Johnny to school on time.

There was a reason, however, for all this speed this morning. One by one he visited all the houses of the gentlemen invited by his sisters and their friends. Did I say all? No, Johnny was too tired to visit Jack Dalton, who lived on the outskirts of the town and, moreover, the school bell rang, summoning Johnny to his classes.

He was unusually prompt and quiet in all his recitations that day, thus receiving the commendations of all his teachers. He was generally kept after school for some misdemeanor but today he was allowed to depart with his classmates.

When he arrived home his aunt's carriage awaited him. His parents expected a scene when it came to sending Johnny off, but in this they were disappointed. He was very docile and orderly when he was told to get into the carriage.

The hour set for the party arrived with all its expected pleasure. Mary and Helen were dressed in their party frocks, as were the other girls. Each girl was desirous of looking her best in the eyes of her especial beau.

One by one the guests arrived. That is, the girl guests. None of the male guests arrived, which caused considerable excitement and comment. Everyone looked nervously at the clock, while Mary and Helen paced the floor. At last Jack Dalton arrived. This brought a ray of hope to the girls who expected the appearance of others to follow. They were doomed to disappointment, however, for half an hour elapsed and no one else arrived.

Jack Dalton was beginning to feel awkward in the presence of so many of the fair sex. Mary was on the point of tears and Helen was making a brave attempt to liven up the crowd. Time passed and still no boys arrived. As one last desperate resort, Helen ran to the telephone and called up Joe Burns, the most popular boy. When he found out who it was he hung up the receiver with a bang. This was too much for Helen. She could not understand what was the matter.

When she told the girls what had occurred, Jack Dalton volunteered to discover the trouble. He left the house hurriedly, glad of an excuse to escape the unpleasant situation. He went to Joe Burns' home, finding all the other guests assembled there. He asked what was the trouble.

After each one had told the reason for his absence Jack, at last, discovered that little Johnny was the cause of it all. He had told each one the remarks passed by his sisters and her friends the night before. As most of these were uncomplimentary they aroused the just indignation of the boys.

It was a difficult matter to convince the young men that this was only one of John's pranks, done in a spirit of fun. At last this was accomplished and the boys hurried over to the party. Once again joy and mirth prevailed and the party progressed until a much later hour because of the tardy arrival of the guests. Everyone enjoyed the bountiful repast which was served and good will was again restored among the young folks.

No doubt Johnny was chuckling from a distance over the mischief he had wrought, but I am convinced that someone else did the chuckling on the following day.

Moral—Treat your little brothers as you would be treated, or beware! ! !

Louis Curry, '22.

A St. Patrick's Day Reverie

"But mother, I simply *must* go to the St. Patrick's Ball! Everyone is going! I can't bear to disappoint Jack!"

"Well darling, you're not well enough to go to that dance to-night. Your cough is not better, yet. Furthermore, Doctor Howe said that your lungs are weak. You must not take such a dreadful risk. Stay home, Nell, for my sake, if not for your own."

"Oh well, Mother, if you ask me that way, I will stay, though heaven knows how I shall live thru the evening here!"

"You are a good daughter, Nell. Now take this little drink of tonic, Doctor Howe left for you."

"In a little while, Mother. Leave it on the table, please. Don't shake your head like that, 'Muddy,' for I really will drink it. Now, I believe I'll read awhile."

"All right, darling. I'll wash the dishes now. Don't tire yourself."

Mother went out, softly closing the door behind her. With a resigned sigh, I sauntered to the bookcase, from which I selected a book, entitled, "To Have And To Hold." I settled myself comfortably in the roomy arm-chair before the fireplace in which glowed and crackled a cheerful fire.

Soon I was traversing the field in Jamestown with Captain Percy, Gentleman, who was seeking a wife among Edwin Sandy's Maids. With pounding heart, I was sailing the sea in an open boat in company with my Lady Joceylon and her courtly husband. Shivering with terror, I was awaiting, with my bookish comrades, the advance of the fierce-eyed, scarry pirates.

Suddenly, a hand covered my eyes. "Oh, don't kill me!" I screamed, still living in the fictitious world.

"Oh, Nell! What is the matter?" wailed the childish voice of my little sister Betty.

"Nothing, Betty dear," I answered nervously. "I have been reading. I thought that you were someone in the book."

"Oh!" gasped Betty in relief. "You *did* scare me so! Will you read me a story, Nell please?"

"Yes," I agreed reluctantly. "What shall it be, fairies or animals?"

"Fairies! Fairies!" answered the child, executing a hornpipe.

"Well, come and sit down near me then." I opened the book to a tale called "The Frost King," written by Louisa May Alcott. Slowly, I read of wonderful fairy revels, palaces of fragrant flowers, meals of dew and strawberries, fairy garments of violets and roses, and of other marvellous things that Fairyland contains.

At first, the child at my feet listened, and her eyes rivaled the sparkling of the fire before us; but gradually, her little eyes assumed a listless expression, and soon the small, drooping head rested on my knees in slumber.

Softly, I closed the book and gazed dreamily at the fire. How long I remained thus, I do not know. Eventually, my reverie was broken by a tiny musical voice, which cried, "Nell! Nell Fenton! Aren't you coming to the Ball?"

"What Ball?" I questioned in amazement.

"The Fairy Ball, of course! What other ball is even worth mentioning?"

"Oh," I stammered, "the Fairy Ball! But which is the way to Fairyland?"

"I'll lead you," asserted my visitor, promptly. Then, touching me, she announced, "Now you're as small as a fairy."

Equipped with glittering wings, I flew with the fairy out of the house, over mountains and valleys, till we reached a tiny palace, built of snowy lilies and azure violets. Here, after my companion had knocked three times with her wand, we were admitted.

Sweet strains of music guided us to the spacious ballroom. What a brilliant sight met my wondering gaze! The room seemed full of flowers, floating daintily around the floor in time with the music. They were not flowers, I discovered after gazing closely, but tiny fairies clad in flower-petals. Snowy lily-clad forms, golden buttercup-adorned shapes, fairies in red-rose and in pink-rose gowns, fairies in blue-fringed gentian garments, fairies in royal purple, danced airily.

When I had viewed the dancers to my satisfaction, I turned my attention to the orchestra. Such a queer orchestra I had never seen! "Comus must have been here," I exclaimed, for indeed the orchestra players had heads of every description. A group of flutists, seemed to be English larks, until I noticed their flowery clothing. Some banjo players appeared like frogs, which uttered a musical "Plunk! Plunk!" Humming-bee players produced notes like those of the bass string of the cello. Cricket players chirped the silvery tones of the xylophone. Two sable pig players were performing as though supplied with a trombone. Several wooly sheep bleated notes, very similar to those of the cornet. "What a motley throng!" I mused.

"May I have this dance with you, please," piped a masculine voice.

I drew my gaze from the orchestra to confront an elf, very similar to Jack in appearance. "O, Jack! Is it you?" I exclaimed.

"It surely is," he answered smilingly. "You will grant my request?"

We danced away to the fairy strains of "Tucky Home." Other lovers floated past us, talking gayly as they went. Sometimes we caught fragments of their conversation. One couple was discussing "jazz." They seemed to favour it, because, as one asserted, "it excited action, which every young fairy craved."

So the time passed on amid laughter, fragrance, and music. When the latter at last ceased, Jack and I repaired to a refreshment chamber.

"Now," thought I, "I'll find out what fairy food tastes like." Jack disappeared, but soon returned with a sun-flower tray, laden with juicy fruits and ices, which we began to consume eagerly. I stopped drinking suddenly, however, for my beverage had a most peculiar taste. I took the glass from the lips, but

to my amazement, it immediately returned to my mouth of its own accord. I strove to push it away frantically, again and again.

"Nell! Nell!" a soft voice admonished, "Wake up, and take this medicine!"

Mistily, I beheld Mother, holding the neglected tonic to my lips, while she declared smilingly that she "liked the way in which some daughters kept their promises."

"I took it unresistingly, with a gasp of relief. "Mother," I said, "I've had the most wonderful dream!"

"I hope it was pleasant, dear," responded Mother, as she carried slumbering Betty to bed."

A. M. Cain, '22.

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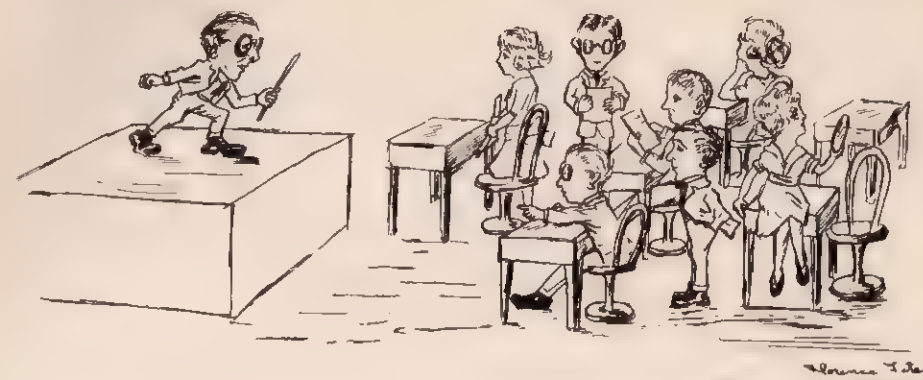
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STUDENT ACTIVITIES



School Notes

Senior A and B classes gave Mr. Leonard a Gold Eversharp Pen and Pencil. Mr. Leonard is leaving the High School and will teach chemistry in Brooklyn High School, New York. He also received a silk umbrella from the Junior Class.

The Junior B Class has not organized but it is hoped that by the next issue of the "Pen" it will be. The Sophomores and Freshmen are also unorganized groups.

Monday morning, Feb. 13, two assemblies were held in the Auditorium in commemoration of Lincoln's birthday. The High School orchestra played selections which, as usual, were greatly enjoyed by the pupils. The first sergeant of Co. F and Commander of the Spanish War Veterans, John Coughlin, addressed the school on the formal etiquette of the use of the American flag, and with the aid of two boy scouts saluted the flag properly. "The Star Spangled Banner" and "America" were sung. Mr. Coughlin gave P. H. S. the compliment of being the first school he had ever visited that sang "The Star Spangled Banner" during the exercises.

Rachel P. Barnes, '22.

Senior A Notes

Well at last we are now advanced to that one stage in our High School career when every underclassman and even the faculty must look up and admire us for our well doings. At last we are Senior A's. However, let everyone expect greater and bigger things of us than of our preceding Senior A's.

We have chosen our class officers for our last and best semester and they are:

President,	James Driscoll
Vice-President,	Margaret O'Brien
Secretary,	Helen Doyle
Treasurer,	Theodore Kallman

Something else too—. We have chosen the best looking and classiest ring that ever adorned a finger of a pupil of P. H. S. Come around and see them soon, but most of all—

Watch the Senior A's.

Helen M. Doyle,
Secretary, '22.

Senior B Class Notes

Our semi-annual election has passed, without any bloodshed,—which seems quite tame for a live class like ours. We elected John Barker Jr., President, thus displaying good sense; and we retained all the other officers, thus displaying excellent sense: Miss Ruth Durant, vice-president; Edward Hickey, secretary; Miss Pete Hesse (oh, pardon me!—Isabel) treasurer.

A joint meeting of the Senior A and B classes was held in the Lecture Room on Monday Feb. 6. I twas finally voted to appropriate ten dollars from each class for a gift for Mr. Leonard. With the twenty dollars a gold Eversharp pencil and a Wahl fountain pen were purchased, and presented to Mr. Leonard on Friday, Feb. 10.

It is hinted that those who are among the missing when tax day comes around are to be dealt with severely by the treasurer, in the very near future. Just what the dark plan is,—moi, je ne sais pas. But safety first. I paid mine a week ago.

Go thou and do likewise.

E. J. H.

Debating Club Notes

Although you haven't heard from us recently we're still in existence.

Two weeks ago we held an election such as we hold every ten weeks. The result was as follows: Mr. Cullen elected as president, Mr. Silvernail as vice-president, and Miss Young, secretary.

You folks, who don't belong to the club, don't know what you're missing. We have some rather heated discussions which you would enjoy. So come on up to the drawing room Friday during the A period and join our club.

P. H. S. Dramatic Club

In spite of all the numerous clubs in P. H. S. a new one has been added to the fold. This new one is called the P. H. S. Dramatic Club.

The meetings, which are held every Friday morning in room 20A are in charge of Miss Pfeiffer and are extremely interesting.

Every week the members are given certain characters to portray, and we have found some real talent among our members.

At the second meeting the following officers were elected:

President, Allen Backman.

Vice-President, Nelson Baker.

Secretary, Virginia Waugh.

Under-Secretary, Elizabeth Yeadon.

There has been a little misunderstanding about this little Club. It has been thought by the majority of Students of P. H. S. that membership was open only to Sophomores, but this is not true, for anyone may join, anyone from Freshmen to Senior.

Why not come to the meeting next Friday for we want all the "actors" and "would be actors" of P. H. S.

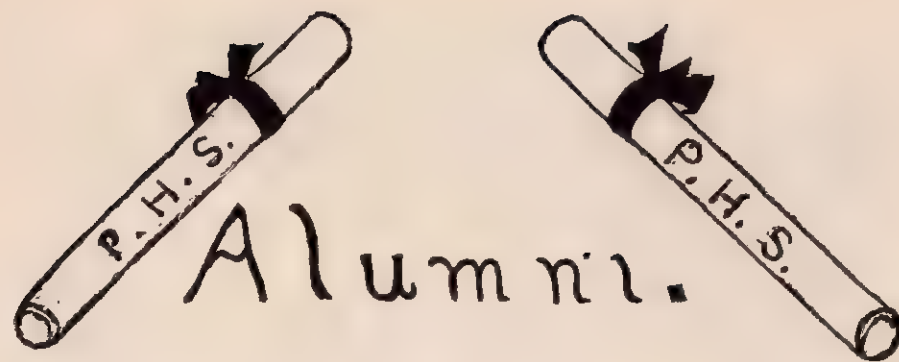
Virginia E. Waugh,
Secretary.

It takes a cold blooded teacher to give marks below zero.

Some people are crusty because that's the way they are bred.



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The following graduates are taking P. G. Courses. Katherine Merrill '19, Thelma Wilmarth '21, Bruce Humphreville '21, Clifford Shipton '21, Charlotte Hodges '21, Winton Patnode '21, Raymond Peaslee '21, Commercial, Winthrop Colton '22, Ensign Foote '22, Charles Germano '22, James Harte '22, John Leahy '22, William Learned '22, Angelina Le Rose '22, Marion O'Malley '22, John Waldron '22, Francis Wilbur '22, Carl Uhrig '22, and Howard Boice, Commercial '22.

Joseph Dolphin Feb. '21, Bertrand Jacobs '21, Alex Milne '22, Edwin Ostyee, Earl Stetson and Frank Correale '22 are taking P. G. Courses at Commercial High School.

Donald Ferris, ex-president of '21, has entered Cornell.

Dorothy Brown '21, has entered Columbia to take up a two year secretarial course.

John Reichard Feb. 21, is attending Albany College of Pharmacy.

Myra Kimball '21 is attending Berkshire Business College.

Joseph Donnelly '22 has accepted a position with the Kresge Company.

Charlotte Wilson is gym instructor at the North End House and assistant instructor at the Girl's League.

Clarence Wheeler '21 has entered the lumber business.

Raymond Goewey '15 is located in Texas.

Miss Collins and Mr. St. James of the Pomeroy section of the High school are graduates of P. H. S. Class of '14.

Drs. William Wagner and Charles Sullivan of the Class of '13 are practising dentistry in Pittsfield.

George Childs, ex-'14 is meeting with much success as physical director at the Boys' Club.

Charles Calnan '14 has purchased several trucks and will soon open a wholesale fruit business on West St.

The Alumni department of the Pen will appreciate any items of interest concerning the former members of Pittsfield High. Will secretaries of former classes please co-operate with us? Let us know about your members and their activities.



Our View Point of Others

Kent Quarterly, Kent, Conn.—The photographs in your magazine were unusually good. Why not add some jokes to liven it up a bit?

High School Citizen, Dunkuk High School—Your Freshman Number made a hit. The "Frosh" certainly proved their ability as editors.

Pebbles, Marshalltown, Iowa—Your "locals" are very interesting but how about some good stories?

F. H. S. Vacuum Fairfield, Iowa—We can readily see that athletics play a very large part in your school life. You have the right school spirit. Keep it up!

B. H. S. Courant, Bradford, Penn.—Your "Phun" sure was greatly enjoyed. The jokes were snappy and the cover was very pretty. Come again! We are waiting for the "Oriental Issue."

Talisman, Huntington, Mass.—A few more cuts would greatly improve your magazine.

Drury Academe—The cover of your "Winter Issue" was most attractive. We notice you have a Drury-Pittsfield game underscored. We are looking forward to the next issue to see if you will also underline the game of February 11.

Scarlet Tanger, Chatham, New York—Where are your school notes and cuts? These would improve your paper.

Vermillionaire, Vermillion, S. D.—Your jokes are O. K., but why not mention your exchanges?

Schucis, Schenectady, N. Y.—Your year book was an exceptionally good issue. The photographs were plentiful and very clear, and the write-ups clever and snappy.

Oracle, Manchester, N. H.—Your Christmas issue was very good. You have quite a sizable exchange department.

Acorn, Roanoke, Virginia—Yours is an excellent little paper. Some of the cuts are very clever and your literary department is worthy of praise.

Catamount, Bennington, Vt.—Your Christmas issue was fine. The picture of your High School on the front page was a good idea. We might suggest a cut for your exchange department.

Others' Viewpoint Of Us

The Student's Pen from Pittsfield, Mass. has a splendid literary section. Some good cartoons would improve the book greatly.—"Tatler."

Student's Pen, Pittsfield, Mass.—Your arrangement might be improved. Your literary department is excellent.—"Courant."

Heard in Spanish Class: "He got up and laid his ears down."

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Adams 24—Pittsfield 18

Adams High defeated Pittsfield Friday, February 3 at Adams, 24 to 18. The game was fast, and a number of fouls were called. Hubbard played center for Pittsfield and O'Brien was at guard.

McInerney and Adams featured for Adams while Hubbard and Weltman played best for Pittsfield.

The line-up:

Pittsfield	FG	FP	TP	Adams	FG	FP	TP
Dannybuski, lf,	0	0	0	Ramer, lf,	1	0	2
Campion, rf,	0	0	0	McInerney, rf,	2	8	12
Farrell, rf,	1	0	2	Adams, c	3	0	6
Hubbard, c, rg,	2	1	5	McTaren, lg,	0	0	0
O'Brien, c, rg,	0	0	5	Rabouin, rg,	2	0	4
Weltman, lg,	2	0	4				
Bridges, rg,	1	0	2	Totals,	8	8	24
Totals,	6	6	18				

Score at half-time: Adams 15, Pittsfield 8.

Referee: Young.

Time, 20-minute halves.

Pittsfield 71—Dalton 13

Pittsfield High trounced Dalton High 71 to 13 in the Boy's Club gymnasium Saturday, February 4. The High School had everything its own way. O'Brien and Bridges each had a big night, the former scoring 27 points and the latter 16.

Pittsfield High was defeated Saturday, January 28 by Berkshire Business College 34 to 17. Donald and Coy did the best work for the winners, while O'Brien and Farrell played well for Pittsfield.

Pittsfield High defeated Lee High at Lee 41 to 29 Wednesday, February 9. Lee was outclassed from the start and trailed the Pittsfield team at all times. Dannybuski and O'Brien featured for Pittsfield, while Hayes and Mooney did the best work for Lee.

Pittsfield 27—Drury 9

Pittsfield High defeated Drury High, 27 to 9 at the Boy's Club Saturday, Feb. 13, before a large crowd. Pittsfield put up a fine brand of basketball and showed much more ability than the Drury quintet. Drury appeared in no way to be league leaders. The visitors seldom worked the ball down the court, having to be satisfied with trying long shots. On the other hand Pittsfield played a short snappy passing game and outclassed their opponents from the start. Farrel and Bridges worked together in the forward line in fine style and each turned in some shots of sensational type. Farrel had a big night, scoring five baskets. O'Brien besides guarding his man found time to sink three double-counters. Bridges also contributed three baskets as his share in the scoring. Capt. Weltman played a hard and effective game at guard.

Pittsfield	FG	FP	TP	Drury	FG	FP	TP
Dannibuski, lf,	0	0	0	Patashnick, lf,	0	3	3
Bridges, lf, lg,	3	0	6	Kelly, rf,	1	0	2
Farrell, rf,	5	0	10	Madison, rf,	0	0	0
Hubbard, c,	0	0	0	Phelps, rf,	0	0	0
Weltman, lg,	0	0	0	Flaherty, rf,	0	0	0
O'Brien, rg,	3	5	11	Toolan, c,	1	0	2
	—	—	—	Rosch, lg,	1	0	2
Total,	11	5	27	Levine, rg,	0	0	0
				Totals,	3	3	9

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Ye Poll Parrot

If you are the victim of a joke,
Just think of all the other folk,
Who could not win for us a smile,
While you supply us laughs worth while.

D. French (in Vergil): "Andromache ordered gifts of sawed elephants to be brought."

B. Humphreville (in Room 9): "They went about the country inciting resurrections."

Miss Power: "Why, Milton would have spent a week on one paragraph."

Bright Pupil: "That's nothing! I know a fellow in jail who is spending five years on one sentence."

Letter found in the Student's Pen box.

Dear Editor: You sit on every joke I write. Do you think you would if I put more of a point to them? M. M.

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Mary had a little lamb;
She couldn't pay its board.
She sent it to a butcher,
And now she's got a Ford.

Sunday School teacher: "Willie, what does the story of Jonah and the whale prove?"

Willie: "Proves that you could get away with a heap bigger fish story in those days than you can now."

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From a Freshman composition: "The first time I put on roller skates I could not control my feet very well not being used to them."

Alice Flynn (hurrying upstairs at the recess bell): "Miss Morse, if I am late can I get a slip off you?"

Miss Morse (sedately): "I don't wear them, Miss Flynn."

VOO: "My brother takes up Italian, Spanish, Hebrew, German and French."

DOO: "Goodness! When does he study?"

VOO: "He doesn't study. He runs an elevator."

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Blanche: "My father gives me a dollar to put in the bank every birthday—and now I have fifteen dollars."

Morton: "How much does he owe you?"

Sweet little Emily Rose
Was tired and sat down to repose,
But her small brother Claire
Left a tack on that chair,
And sweet little Emily Rose.

Briggs: "Do you serve shrimps, here?"

Waiter: "Sure we serve everybody. Sit down!"

Teacher: "Johnny, your conduct is outrageous. I shall have to consult your father."

Johnny: "Better not, teacher—It'll cost you two dollars. He's a doctor."

E. Huntress (rushing into drug store): "Have you any traps?"

Clerk: "Yes, ma'am."

E. H.: "Hurry, please give me one. I want to catch that car."

Clerk: "Sorry, ma'am, we haven't any so large."

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—Phenix.

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Miss Morse—"Who was the King of France at that time?"

Alice Flynn—"Louis, the cross-eyed."

Miss Morse—"Where did you find that?"

Alice Flynn—"Right here in the book, it says, 'Louis XI.'"—*Crimson and White.*

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She took that lustrous wrap of fur,
She took those gloves I bought for her;
She took my words of love and care
She took my flowers, rich and rare;
She took—I must confess—my eye,
She took my kisses—maid so shy—
She took my time for quite a while,
She took whatever I would buy,
And then
She took the other guy.

Gargoyle.

"Really," gasped Mr. Russell, bending over the man whom he had just hit with his Dodge, "Really, I didn't mean to hit you."

"Aw, go on," returned the fallen stranger belligerently, "Whatcha got that bumper on fer?"

Her smile was most bewitching,
As beside him down she sat;
And she made a great impression,
But she made it on his hat.

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Chink Joyce and Henry Marry 'em while conducting research work in Physics made a remarkable discovery. They found that on heating a certain liquid it solidified or in other words froze. Furthermore once this liquid "froze" it could not be changed to a liquid again. This, as all science pupils should know, is in direct violation with all known laws on the expansion, contraction, freezing, and fusion points of liquids, solids and gases. They have accordingly applied for a patent on this new discovery.

There has been much doubt in the minds of all great scientists as to the truth of this discovery. Consequently Chink Joyce and Henry Marry'em have gladly given proof of their discovery. The proof is as follows:

First—Fill a copper beaker with 500 grams of pure distilled water and heat to the boiling point.

Second—Take a cold storage egg not over three years old and not less than two and examine it with a microscope and you will see that there is a liquid within the shell.

Third—Place the egg in the water and heat for two or three hours and then remove the egg.

Fourth—Again examine with a microscope and note the change.

Fifth—Procure a gas mask and put it on. Then break the shell and you will note a solid.

Sixth—Try to "melt" the egg and you will find it impossible.

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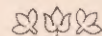
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The Eagle minimum rate is - 42c an inch

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